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THE COMIC IN MUSIC.

It is strange, but at the same time incontestable, that the purely humorous element is one which enters most rarely into music. That the fun of a comic song lies exclusively in its words is a truism; in nine cases out of ten the tune might with equal propriety be set to words without any comic application. But of musical jokes—compositions, that is, in which the fun is contained in the music—there are so few that to count them on the fingers is only too easy. On certain occasions, when the caterers for popular favour have announced a "humorous night," do we not all know exactly what will be the programme? Haydn's "Farewell Symphony" will, of course, be the *pièce de résistance*, and the rest of the programme will be eked out with the aid of comic songs. Bach's "Fantasia on the departure of a brother" is a piece of pure humour, and perhaps the most perfect specimen of the kind to be found in the whole range of music; Beethoven's Rondo à Capriccio in G, called "Die Wuth über den verlorenen Groschen," is another, of a slighter kind; and Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette," which, curiously enough, owes not a little to Beethoven's work just mentioned, has distinct claims to be included in the catalogue of humorous music. It need hardly be said that the elements of parody or burlesque disqualify, since the fun in such things depends upon the mental association with something else, as for instance, in many comic operas, where the forms and conventionalities of grand opera are parodied; in these the joke cannot be said to lie wholly in the music. In the Savoy operas we can call to mind only two touches of the humour of which we have been speaking; the famous bassoon passage in John Wellington Wells's song, and the accompaniment of the words, "Bach interwoven with Spohr and Beethoven," in the *Mikado*. Instances of parody—and very clever, parody, too—are, on the other hand, legion. A very great musical humorist, but one whose efforts have scarcely received a proper degree of appreciation, is Mr. Oscar Barrett, the manager of the music for the Drury Lane pantomimes. His jokes, consisting as they do of quotations from existing works introduced in the most absurdly incongruous places, require a considerable familiarity with the literature of music for their comprehension, and besides, the element of parody which is nearly always present debars many of them from our category. In the existing dearth of musical fun, it is delightful to hear of so eminent a person as M. Saint-Saëns having added an important composition to the list of comic-alities. Its title is "Le Carnaval des Animaux; grande fantaisie zoologique," and it was recently performed at the society which, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, goes by the name of "La Trompette," for the simple reason that until quite lately no trumpet was ever heard within its walls. Two pianofortes, a string quintet, a xylophone, and a typophone (!), are the instruments for which the work is written. The xylophone, or gigelira, is fairly well-known as belonging to a class of toys that are called by courtesy musical instruments; but of the typophone we must confess to know nothing, except from the not very intelligible account given in *Le Guide Musical*, of April 29, which describes in some detail the fantasia and its performance. "Vibrating plates of metal" suggests the common musical box, but "resembling a series of diapasons" does not tell us much; we get, however, some idea of its effect from the statement that its tone combines the crystalline delicacy of the harmonica with the sonority of a soft stop on the harmonium. The work would seem to be a suite consisting of fourteen pieces, in each of which some kind of animal is presented to the hearers' imagination. "Animal" is to be understood in rather a wide sense, for among the zoological specimens, the composer includes fossils and

pianists! The first number is rightly devoted to the "Marche royale du lion," and the roar of the king of beasts is represented by the sliding passages for the double-bass; the cackling of the poultry-yard comes next, but about this we are only told that chromatic treatment is largely employed; for the tortoises, a theme of Offenbach's, taken in slow time, is held sufficiently characteristic; and the elephant appears next, dancing the Valse des Sylphes (double-bass again to the front). The fun of the next number, the kangaroos, seems to depend upon the gestures of the performers on the pianofortes, and as need hardly be said, so does the joke contained in the number "pianists"; whether, apart from this, these two can be regarded as musically humorous cannot therefore be said. In the number called Aquarium, the typophone comes out strong; then, by way of contrast, we are confronted with "Personnages à longues oreilles," about which we are not told much. The name reminds us that an addition must be made to the humorous works mentioned in the earlier part of this article, for never was there such a donkey as in the overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or such purely musical fun as in the march of clowns in the incidental music to the same. The next numbers, representing respectively a cuckoo in the woods and an aviary, seem to be of a wholly sentimental cast; in the second, the wind instruments are as prominent as we might expect them to be. "Fossils" must be very funny if it comes up to the description; it is said to be "The triumph of the xylophone, which accompanies with bursts of funereal gaiety the exhumation of such mouldy old themes as 'J'ai du bon tabac' and 'Partant pour la Syrie,' nasally intoned by the clarinet with an air of blind conviction"; this is followed by a solo of a sentimental order for violoncello, called "the swan"; and in the finale all the members of the menagerie are heard in concert.

There are one or two of these which promise to be additions of some value to the repertory of truly comic music, but it is scarcely possible to predicate that all would be amusing. The fact that the suite was called by any other title than "Noah's ark" can only be accounted for on the supposition that that delectable toy is unknown in France; but of, course, if it were so called, "Fossils" and "Pianists" would have to be omitted or renamed.

THE OPERA "GUILLEM THE TROUBADOUR."

(Continued from page 309.)

At the opening of Act I. we find ourselves in "an orchard with an open landscape of sunlit vineyards and gentle hills in the background. To the right, the battlemented walls of a mediæval castle are seen at a little distance. Excited groups of retainers, serving-men, &c., are moving to and fro. They look and point towards the castle-yard." The orchestral prelude to this act leads us to expect some important arrival, even were the stage-directions less definite on this point than they are. It soon becomes clear that the advent of the hero, Guillem de Cabestanh, the troubadour, is the cause of the commotion. At the close of the introductory chorus, a bright number in six-eight time, in B flat, a subject of somewhat martial character, is heard; its gloomy aspect tells the hearer accustomed to operas that this is the leading motive of the villain, and accordingly, the Count Raimon enters shortly after its appearance. It runs as follows:—



Count Raimon's words, "Go bid the stranger knight approach our court," lead to the entry of Guillem, whose musical symbol is a broad theme, setting out thus:—



Margarida, who, with her sister Azalais, has entered simultaneously with the poet, starts as she sees him, but her agitation is not emphasized in the music; she joins in the ensemble which now follows, built upon the subject of the Count's stately song of welcome. This subject is resumed after the troubadour has sung a short strain in A major, and he is bidden to "seek repose and comfort, such as this house affords," on which he of course withdraws. The dialogue which follows his exit reveals to us that Raimon's suspicions have been aroused, and that Margarida views his arrival with anxiety, knowing that he has come to win her love. We may be quite sure that the Masque which immediately succeeds this recitative portion will be mounted at Drury Lane with all possible splendour; it will not be necessary to analyze the music of this section in detail, since its meaning is very clear. A scene representing the vintage is interrupted by what would in old times have been called "salvage men," who in their turn are slain by St. George and Hercules; the cheerful vintage music is resumed, and the praise of wine culminates in the entry of St. Medardus, the patron of vineyards, who offers to Margarida a large bunch of grapes, said to be of the vintage which yields the wine called "Blood of the poet." The omen startles Margarida, but its sinister sound is quickly forgotten, for Guillem enters at that moment; and is inspired to sing a song, ostensibly in praise of wine, but actually meant for Margarida herself, who is apostrophized by the word "pearl," the equivalent of her name. This application of his song is understood by the lady alone; the crowd is gradually impelled to join in the strain, and the singer is crowned by Margarida's hand. Azalais steps to her side at this moment, and by so doing gives rise to the doubt which plays so important a part in the later development of the drama, for it is not quite certain to the bystanders for which of the two Guillem's homage is intended. As the wreath is placed upon his head, an ominous phrase, previously heard in connection with the words "Sanh del Trobador" (blood of the poet) is repeated. At its first appearance it runs thus:—



The second act passes in an open glade in the forest, and it begins with the scene of the lovers' reading, already mentioned as having been suggested by a certain well-known passage in the "Inferno" of Dante. A movement of idyllic tranquillity, in E major, common time, is the musical structure engendered by this scene, which is all too soon interrupted by the entrance of Azalais. Soon after Raimon and a crowd of ladies, knights, and huntsmen appear, and the latter sing a hunting song, which differs from all other choruses of the kind in operas, in that its words have a direct, though, of course, mystical application to the chief persons of the story. The burden of the song is

"Swifter than westwind and clouds is death";

and the incidents of the hunt, heard by Margarida as she sits alone—for all the rest have joined the chase—are construed into a likeness of her own fate. Her scena at this point is rather declamatory in character than purely musical, and at its close, and the close of the hunt, she remains on the stage, but hidden from the view of her husband, who, as he enters, directs one of his retainers to kill Guillem at a given signal. The entrance of the poet is announced by the appearance of the motive associated with him, and a dialogue between him and Raimon, who salutes him with a great show of politeness, ensues immediately. The voices of the soprano and tenor join in a short duet, in A minor, in a kind of double soliloquy,

and Margarida, who has remained concealed throughout the scene, succeeds in preventing Raimon from giving the preconceived signal to his servant. The entrance of Azalais at the same moment gives the opportunity for her deed of self-sacrifice, in which she screens her sister's honour at the expense of her own. But before her feigned confession of a guilty love for Guillem, two short numbers must be mentioned, the first a *tempo di minuetto*, accompanying the Count's greeting of the ladies when taken by surprise, and an *ensemble* into which it leads, beginning, "O fatal quest." The confession of Azalais, while it fails to deceive the jealous husband, is unfortunately believed implicitly by Margarida, so that the three principal persons are in deep dejection at the close of the act. The finale begins with a trio in F sharp minor for these three, and this is followed by a chorus in A major, six-eight time, and in strongest contrast to the utterances of the principals. All depart, bound for a feast at Liët castle—the seat of Count Robert—and the stage is left empty and in darkness. The refrain of the hunting-chorus is heard in the distance just before the fall of the curtain, so that the sombre character of the act is not relieved for very long.

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

THE PRINCIPLES OF EXPRESSION IN PIANOFORTE PLAYING.*

Mr. Christiani has in this book undertaken the far from easy task of scientifically formulating the principles and methods of musical expression, especially in connection with pianoforte playing. A treatise written with this object, it is obvious, could not approach even within measurable distance of success, without largely discussing theories equally applicable to other branches of the musical art; and in the present instance much suggestive matter and many useful hints will be found, not only by the pianist, to whom they are ostensibly addressed, but by musical interpreters of all kinds—by composers and students of theory, and even by amateurs who have seriously gone into training for the modest but important capacity of intelligent listeners. Mr. Christiani is prompt to acknowledge the difficulties that stand in the way of reducing to cut and dried rules just that part of the executant's art, which is generally supposed to be spontaneous and inborn; and early in the work he draws a distinction between the kinds of expression which can and those which cannot with advantage be subjected to analytical treatment. It is not impossible that he will be found to have included in the former category, modes of expression which, in the opinion of some, belong by right to the last. Rules, for example, for the proper use of *crescendo* and *diminuendo* appear to be of at least doubtful value when accompanied by a rider that their application depends upon the nature of the passage, and that sometimes a better effect is produced by just going the other way. The branch of musical expression most amenable to the author's favourite mode of treatment is accent; and, as was to be expected, a large portion of the work is occupied with this and kindred subjects.

Though it may be questioned whether persons not possessing an innate feeling for rhythm would be likely to derive much practical advantage from the elaborate formulas given on this head, the latter will, at any rate, be read with interest and profit by those in whom the sense already exists. It is scarcely necessary to urge in a musical paper that accent is the oxygen, the breath of life of a musical performance; when it is altogether absent the result is incoherence; when misplaced, vulgarity. Any pianist can test the truth of the first statement by playing a page of music at a dead level throughout of *forte* or *mezzo-forte*; and to an even moderately sensitive ear the second-named fault will be as offensive as the mispronunciation of some familiar word, such as *surely* for *surely*. In this connection the writer lays appropriate stress upon the importance of "bow marks," the correct observance of which in pianoforte playing is too often neglected, especially by beginners. We once heard a well-known

* The Principles of Expression in Pianoforte Playing: by Adolph F. Christiani. William Reeves, London.

teacher say to his pupils: "Every pianist should learn to breathe with his hands." For the rest, we are inclined to think that the student who has succeeded in realizing the fact that there is such a thing as a phrase-accent, as well as the familiar bar-accent, will have gained the key to Mr. Christiani's exhaustive and, as some will perhaps find it, rather exhausting enumeration of rules relating to this section of his subject. The emotional aspect of the question "how to give accents" is one, as the author himself acknowledges, not to be taught by any system; and in this matter the performer must be left to rely upon his own innate perceptions.

The various qualities, natural and acquired, necessary to the pianist are classed under the following heads: Talent, Emotion, Intelligence, Technique. With his native love for generalization, the author has characteristically tabulated these with a view to show the probable results obtainable by their combinations in various proportions. Thus, under each of the four heads he places certain numbers, something after the fashion of a written phrenological "character." The executive artist of the higher order is marked: Talent, 1; Emotion, 2; Intelligence, 3; Technique, 4. Last in the list is Talent, 0; Emotion, 0; Intelligence, 0; Technique, 4; which stands for the virtuoso of the music-box kind. To an art critic is accorded neither Technique nor Talent, but Emotion, 2; Intelligence, 3; this however, we can readily forgive.

The copious and well-selected examples contained in the book add much to its attractiveness and value. We have to protest, however, against Mr. Christiani's proposal to change, and as he considers, to simplify the notation in certain well-known passages, where the composer has purposely broken the swing of the time. It is surprising that a writer of Mr. Christiani's high intelligence should fail to see the difference, both to eye and ear, between the passage he cites, for instance, from Schumann's A minor concerto, as written by the composer, and as "simplified" in the manner he proposes. Curiously enough, this very passage, and a similar one in the "Eroica" symphony are quoted in Herr Pauer's treatise on composition, in illustration of a view diametrically opposite, and unquestionably more correct. "The mind," says Herr Pauer, "fills up for itself the pulses required to complete rests or prolonged sounds, and so unwilling is it to resign the rhythmic pulsation it has once received, that it will take delight in contemplating a passage in triple, when it might, without any complication, be written as duple, and *vice versa*."

This is too full a book to admit here of even a summary of the large amount of interesting matter it contains, but enough has, we think, been said, to show that Mr. Christiani has brought to bear upon his subject the results of much industry and careful study, and has made a contribution to the literature of musical theory, containing some novel features, and many useful suggestions, well worthy the attention of the musical student.

A MEMOIR OF LISZT.*

It is only fair to Mr. Buffen's little pamphlet to say that it appears from the preface to have been undertaken in preparation for the visit which has divided the interest of the present season with the Home Rule Bill, and that it is not therefore to be regarded as an ultimate biography. In the whirlpool of Liszt-worship, in which the whole of musical society was temporarily swept away not many weeks ago, there is an inner vortex which never ceases to revolve; those who are constantly gyrating there are cognisant, indeed, of their fellow-particles, but remain, whether wilfully or not, utterly ignorant of the world of music that lies around them. That the author of this memoir has come within the influence of this musical Maelström is evident from the style in which his work is cast. The rotatory motion has produced its usual effect upon his sentences, and his unlimited admiration of the critical acumen and manifold talents displayed by his companions in their whirling course, as well as the undisguised preference for the first person singular above all other pronouns, are unmistakable proofs that he has been drawn within the charmed circle. His memoir is both short and diffuse, so that the central figure is not presented to the reader in a very tangible form, though the chief events of his life are related—some of them with a praiseworthy respect for the feelings of the British matron—and no doubt as to Liszt's surpassing greatness is left upon the mind. The digression

on Chopin, and the ungrammatical rhapsodies of various English critics, might well have been omitted. As regards the author's own style, a remark of his, "I recognize in Shakespeare the secretary of the world," suggests the wish that he had employed a secretary of some sort, not necessarily the spirit of the Bard of Avon, to construct his sentences and make them intelligible. The following is a fair specimen of his style (he is speaking of the succession of recitals given by Liszt in Berlin): "The recitals given—ranging from Bach to Rubinstein—by the best players of the present day, sometimes occupying three or four afternoons, is astonishing enough; but the feat performed by Liszt really exceeds astonishment, and borders upon the superhuman."

We may further mention a little volume,* prettily got up and sympathetically written, by Mr. T. Carlaw Martin, which also has the great pianist-composer for its subject. There is not much that is new in the volume; but the biographical facts are, as far as we have examined them, correctly given, as are also the artistic principles of Liszt's work in accordance with the statements to be found in Wagner's famous *brochure* on the Symphonic Poems and other sources. A brief catalogue of Liszt's chief compositions completes the volume.

CHURCH MUSIC.

A *Te Deum*, composed for the jubilee of Her Majesty, by Frederick Tolkien, is sent by Messrs. Spottiswoode. From the extent and elaboration of the work, as well as from the intimation that "full score and orchestral parts may be had from the publishers," it appears that the title "*Festival Te Deum*" is by no means inappropriate. It is said to be in the key of C, and it is true that no flats or sharps appear in the signature either at the beginning or the end, though the bulk of the composition is in a variety of keys; this uncertainty of tonality is a little trying, and it may be said to be the greatest blot on the work, unless a plentiful crop of consecutive fifths is to be so regarded. The utter absence of solemnity, and the striking effects that abound throughout its course, render it less suitable for any Anglican service; but if the music could be adapted to the original Latin words, the work would be eminently fitted for performance in any Romanist church, where the splendid treasures of Catholic music are disregarded in favour of a more modern style. Viewed in the light of modern Catholic music, Mr. Tolkien's composition is very creditable, since it displays considerable ease of writing in a style that has no intricacies, and to which contrapuntal treatment is entirely foreign. What we confess to liking least about it, is a kind of spurious fugal treatment which occurs in one or two passages; for though no one who had ever begun to study fugue, or had even attempted to analyze one, would be taken in by the mere fact that the voices enter in succession with the same subject, yet we cannot entirely acquit the composer of that "intent to deceive" which formed so important a factor in Ah Sin's card-playing. For the rest, the *Te Deum* has many sections that will doubtless attract the casual hearer by their simplicity of melodic structure; and some of the choruses are broadly laid out, in a manner betraying familiarity with Handel's method. We do not for a moment mean to hold that master's influence responsible for the chromatic treatment in Mr. Tolkien's composition, which would have made the illustrious composer's hair stand on end underneath his wig.

Signor P. Mazzoni's Grand Mass in C, published by Messrs. Hutchings and Romer, is a far more satisfactory piece of work, inasmuch as it is perfectly suited to the purpose for which it is intended. Like the *Te Deum* we have just mentioned, this composition is written for chorus, soli, and orchestra, and effectiveness is evidently the quality for which both composers have striven. The grammatical errors are less conspicuous in the Italian work than in the English, while the restlessness of tonality is the same in both. Signor Mazzoni's work is by far the more melodious of the two, and there is no doubt that the admirers of Verdi's Requiem, and the compositions which that fine work suggested, will look on this Mass with favour. The different sections of the mass are set in the manner rendered classical by frequent repetition; the "*Qui tollis*," for example, is given to two solo voices, and the "*Benedictus*" to a

* Franz Liszt: a Memoir. By Frederick F. Buffen. (Novello.)

* Franz Liszt. By T. Carlaw Martin. (William Reeves, London.)

quartet. There is little more to be said about the work, except that it was first performed at the Italian Church, Hatton Garden, in June, 1883.

The seventh Book of Messrs. Wood & Co's Organ Library, edited by Mr. Walter Spinney, is exceedingly good, and the average level attained in the compositions comprised in it is very high. A Concluding Voluntary, by D. G. Wood, is well-written and effective in the best sense. It is actually built on two subjects, like the first movement of a sonata, and these subjects are well contrasted, and their conjunction at the close of the work is very happy. An Andante of a somewhat commonplace type, though containing nothing objectionable, follows; it is by F. Peel, and is not destitute of promise, though not in itself very interesting. A Moderato in G, by B. Whitworth, is well written for the instrument; and the Fugue which follows it, by George Lomas, is an excellent piece of work. It is a real fugue, and though of short extent, it contains all the elements which precedent has rendered indispensable. The editor contributes an Interlude in E flat, which is only remarkable for its curious succession of keys.

BERLIOZ'S "BENVENUTO CELLINI" IN CARLSRUHE.

By RICHARD POHL.

(From the "Musikalisches Wochenblatt.")

HECTOR BERLIOZ's first and greatest opera, *Benvenuto Cellini*, was given at Carlsruhe early this spring, on March 21. A few days before it had been performed at Mannheim. This is most praiseworthy, and will certainly produce good results. Something similar also occurred in the production of Wagner's works, first with *Die Meistersinger* and then with *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. Mannheim was in advance of Carlsruhe with *Siegfried* and *Die Götterdämmerung*; on the other hand, Carlsruhe brought forward *Tristan und Isolde* with the aid of local artists. Whether Mannheim can follow this example will depend on their Isolde, who up to the present is not forthcoming. The part of Tristan may very well be entrusted to Herr Gum, whose rendering of Siegfried was most excellent. Not having been present at the performance of *Benvenuto Cellini* in Mannheim I am not in a position to criticize it; however, it appears the success of the opera was not very great. I do not know whether this was due to the cast, to the want of study, or to the lack of familiarity with Berlioz's style—I am inclined to think the latter. In Mannheim up to that time hardly any thought had been given to Berlioz; suddenly this strange and singular opera fell like a meteor on the town; nobody was prepared for it; the critics and the public did not know how to treat such a wonderful phenomenon without getting themselves into trouble.

It will be said that no preparation ought to be needed before hearing an opera, and that it should rest on its own merits. But this is not always the rule—not with Wagner's works. I would not like to take the risk of deciding in this dear German fatherland of ours how many opera-goers would rather have *Das Rheingold* and how many would prefer *The Trompeter of Sickingen*; but with Hector Berlioz the unmusical and unprepared listener will fare still more badly. He will probably become so confused with it all that he will—long for *Carmen*.

Felix Mottl has educated his audiences to Berlioz by systematic concert performances. He was wise to begin with *Faust*, one of Berlioz's most popular works; even the master's countrymen, who embittered his life, liked this work and made much of it. After this Mottl brought forward the instrumental portions of *Romeo and Juliet* (he owes us still the whole work) and then followed the *Symphonie Fantastique*, and to crown all the Requiem, truly a great deed in music. The "Carnival" overture from *Benvenuto Cellini* was already well known to the Carlsruhe public, and therefore the step to *Benvenuto Cellini* was not so great as it had been elsewhere.

The fate that *Benvenuto Cellini* met with in different places is well known. In Paris it failed in 1838, also in London in 1852, in Weimar it was received with favour in 1852, and again re-studied under Liszt (1856) when it disappeared. Hans von Bülow introduced it in Hanover (1878), Leipzig then took it up in 1880—in both the latter theatres Schott taking the principal part—after this came the present performances in Mannheim and Carlsruhe, which are to be followed by one in Munich and one in Prague. And now Paris

is beginning to stir in the matter, as Carvalho intends to study the opera next winter. This is the entire history, nearly forty years, of this wonderfully original work of genius, which in some parts is very powerful and intensely interesting throughout. Why should this opera not have continued to live on the stage? It has never really died out, it always keeps reappearing, being so full of life. That *Benvenuto Cellini* did not please in Paris in 1838 is easy to understand, and it would have been a wonder if it had been otherwise. At that time the whole of Paris was under the influence of Meyerbeer in grand opera, and of Auber in comic opera. Between these two there was no room for Berlioz. He could have foretold that the Italians and English in London would not accept his work. He knew the taste then prevalent in England! In 1850 the Wagner movement commenced in Germany, and *Benvenuto Cellini* was not *à propos*. Berlioz could be easier heard in the concert-room than on the stage. Wagner's dramatic musical style has this peculiarity—that no one can stand beside him. All modern writers fade out of sight; only the old masters remain intact, and nothing is more preposterous than the assertion that "real Wagnerites" wish to know nothing of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. On the contrary, they know more of them than the partisans of the classical school. They understand the style perfectly, and in that way can bring forward their works in the true spirit. But the half-and-half critics, and the managers of operas, can do no lasting good; what they accomplish is short-lived, and like a camera-obscura, one scene always making room for another. All this does not apply to Berlioz. It is wrong to say that *Benvenuto Cellini* should be looked upon as an opera intended to bring about a reform. Berlioz never dreamt of reforming opera, he only enlarged and built up the prescribed forms in his own original manner, and never in any way broke through them. Indeed, Berlioz in a certain way was a conservative in opera; he was very much advanced in harmony, rhythm, and instrumentation, he was even revolutionary, and on this ground he preserves his individuality in the most decided manner. Whoever should take Berlioz for a reformer of opera does not understand him in the least. (This can easily happen to many honest people, and even to good musicians.) I will take another opportunity of referring more especially to this. It is my present object to point out why Berlioz could not take a place beside Wagner on the stage. Wagner had over-reached Berlioz to such an extent that a decided step backward would have had to be made from Wagner's *Lohengrin* (we will not go further back) to *Benvenuto Cellini*, in order to accept the latter as model. Apart from this there is Wagner's wonderful unity of perception, continuity, and overpowering breadth of style—qualities that partly result from his individuality and principle, and which Berlioz could not possess, on account of a totally different individuality and principle.

But now, when Wagner battles generally speaking have been fought, and undoubted victories gained, we may and ought to turn to Berlioz, because he stands alone in his art, and his place can be filled by no one else. There is much less prejudice against Berlioz than there was thirty years ago. We now know for certain what we have to thank him for, and also what we have not to thank him for. He is Wagner's direct predecessor in the art of instrumentation; in the general technical handling thereof, and especially in the prominent part he gives to the orchestra in opera. In this Wagner has absolutely no other predecessor than Berlioz. In this they bear a likeness to each other. Although Wagner's instrumentation differs greatly from that of Berlioz, yet he learned much from Berlioz. In form, in treatment of the libretto, in the entire poetic, scenic, and musical handling, Berlioz keeps throughout to the old forms of opera. Only he treats all this in an original, ingenious, and powerful manner, which is perfectly refreshing, imparting as it does true musical pleasure, not in a dramatic sense of the word. We will now discuss Berlioz's mastery of detail. He bears a likeness in this to his hero Cellini in his great polyphony, his wonderful instrumentation; he is the bold founder, the delicate engraver—but not a Michael Angelo, like Richard Wagner!

Berlioz does not work like Wagner; he does not work out details from a great whole, but on the contrary, he builds up a whole from nothing but details. That is the reason he cannot attain to that unity of effect or that greatness of style which distinguish Wagner. If all depended upon details, then no one would be more interesting than Berlioz.

He gives us marvellous scenic effects, overflowing with life and truth—he keeps the attention fixed from beginning to the end. Berlioz can never become tedious, and that is a great deal. So much cannot be said for most modern composers of opera! There is only one work that can be compared to *Benvenuto Cellini*, and that is Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*, although even here there is a good deal of difference between them. We must not forget that *Benvenuto Cellini* is thirty years older: Berlioz, in this instance, led the way; on the other hand, it is doubtful whether Wagner could have known *Benvenuto Cellini*. When it was given in Paris, Wagner was not present; it is certain that he did not attend either the London or Weimar performance (there having been no other representations at that time anywhere else), and therefore he can never have seen it on the stage. A full score had not been printed then; only the piano score was to be had, and this, like all other piano scores of Berlioz's works, gives but a faint idea of the full score. If a piano copy had come under Wagner's notice, he could have learnt but little from it. All the more wonderful is the resemblance, not so much in the musical as in the dramatic portions—large crowds of people either celebrating a holiday or rising in tumult.

(To be continued.)

Occasional Notes.

A correspondent, dating from Glasgow, and apparently a friend of Mr. James D. Brown, Editor of a recent "Biographical Dictionary of Musicians," takes exception to the paragraph relating to that work which appeared in our last issue. He thinks our strictures harsh, and especially "defies us to point out any misprints in one of the most carefully edited books of modern times." Mr. J. D. Brown should pray night and day to be protected from his friends. Their indiscretion necessitates the display of faults which otherwise one might have passed over in benevolent silence. His book, so far from being well edited, is absolutely brimful of the most absurd blunders and misprints. Even as to the name of the national Scottish composer, Mr. Mackenzie, the editor seems doubtful. At page 407 the Christian names of that gentleman are correctly given as Alexander Campbell; but at page 335 his initials are stated to be A. G. In such circumstances it is not a matter for surprise that the blunders increase in vast proportion where foreign composers and their works are concerned. The notice of Berlioz contains almost as many misprints as it contains lines. To say nothing of the *Requiem* and the *Mélologue*, attributed to that composer, we would humbly suggest that neither *Réverie* nor *Prière* has the acute accent; and that in French the adjective is made to follow the gender and number of the noun to which it belongs.

Perhaps Mr. Brown would allege that in treating the foreigners with contempt, he only acts up to his own principle thus eloquently expressed: "Charity begins at home, and Englishmen must be illiberal, narrow-minded, and insular with regard to everything springing from an exotic source, till her own musical institutions are firmly established." Pray, who is *she*? and does not Mr. Brown think that before an Englishman or even a Scotchman undertakes to bring out a book in the English language, he should acquire some idea of "how she is wrote?"

In his preface, Mr. Brown expresses his grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Stratton, of Birmingham, "to whom *is* (*sic*) due many of the corrections of chronological errors in musical biography which have been perpetuated in work after work. His valuable services in connection with the revision for the press are also thankfully acknowledged." If Mr. Brown and Mr. Stratton will take the advice of a well-wisher, let them add to their number a gentleman who is quite sure about English grammar, and knows something of

foreign tongues, and let them, under his supervision, bring out a new edition of their book, which has evidently been compiled with considerable trouble. From that new edition all expressions of opinions should be strictly excluded. What in the world is the good of perpetuating such arrant rubbish as that *Fidelio* is "a collection of variously wrought-out forms of music strung together without the least appearance of dramatic continuity or organic uniformity"; or that in the Mass in D, "Beethoven has, by straining after dramatic effect, utterly destroyed the sacred character of his music?" By the way, according to this book, it was our great English tenor Braham, and not, as some unpatriotic people will have it, the German Brahms, who discovered Dvorak.

When last Tuesday afternoon Rubinstein surveyed the vast area of St. James's Hall, literally crammed to overflowing by eager listeners, it may be that, for a moment, his mind wandered back some years ago to another recital given in a historic concert room, where now the members of the St. George's Club attend to their creature comforts. We are speaking of the time when Rubinstein made his appearance at the Hanover Square Rooms, before an audience not wanting, it is true, in enthusiasm, but too small to fill even the limited number of seats provided in that not very capacious albeit very charming Temple of the Muses. What a change between then and now; between an audience only too eager to accept and swear by every note, right or wrong, which falls from the great pianist, and one gazing with bewilderment, not free from suspicion at yet another youthful phenomenon come to London in search of golden guineas; between a press quite willing to tolerate if not to accept with enthusiasm the imaginings of Liszt and Tchaikowski, and one which drew the line at Schumann's *Carnaval* as of no intrinsic value, though well adapted to show off the technical skill of Rubinstein!

Signor Gayarré, who will be the principal tenor of the Italian season at Covent Garden, has just received an ovation of a peculiar and mysterious kind in Paris. Having filled the coffers of the Grand Opera, the grateful directors presented him, on the eve of his departure, with a casket, accompanied with injunctions that it should not be opened until after he had crossed the frontier. What can the casket contain? Is it a large cheque, or the photograph of the two directors handsomely mounted, or else an amulet to protect the tenor from the qualms which lie in wait for the bold voyager who ventures on the waves of the British Channel, even in the merry month of May? "Dr. Chapman's Ice-bag" was once considered a supreme remedy in such cases; but will it go into a casket?

In an article on Wagnerism in England, contributed to the May number of the *Revue Wagnérienne*, by Mr. Louis N. Parker, the following extraordinary statements occur. Mr. Villiers Stanford, Mr. Cowen, and Mr. Mackenzie, although very clever fellows in their way, have profited but little by the teaching of Wagner. "Instead of taking his system for a base, and adapting it to English forms and melodies, they force their muses to enter into Wagnerian 'formulas';" "which is a very different thing," Mr. Louis N. Parker sagely adds. "From this accusation," he continues, "I except a musician whose very name, even, is perhaps unknown to your readers—Thomas Wingham. He does not call himself a Wagnerite, and yet I venture to believe that in him we shall find our guide and saviour." Save me from my friends! we are compelled to say for the second time in these occasional notes. Who Mr. Louis N. Parker may be, or what right he has to pose before foreign nations as the exponent of Wagnerism in England, with the history of which he seems very imperfectly acquainted, is more than we know, or care to inquire.

RICHTER CONCERTS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The Fourth Concert of the Season will take place on Monday, May 24, 1886, at Eight o'clock.

PROGRAMME:—Overture, "Calm sea and prosperous voyage" (Mendelssohn); Symphony in F, first time (E. D'Allert); Overture to *Egmont* (Beethoven); Trauermarsch from *Götterdämmerung* (Wagner); Rhapsody in D, No. 2 (Liszt).

Sofa Stalls, 15/- *Stalls or Balcony Stalls*, 10/6. *Balcony (Unreserved)*, 5/- *Area or Gallery*, 2/5.

SARASATE'S CONCERTS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The Fourth and last Concert but one, will take place TO-DAY, at Three o'clock.

PROGRAMME:—Serenade for Stringed Instruments, Op. 63 (R. Volkmann); Symphonie Espagnole for Violin and Orchestra (Lalo); Violin, Señor Sarasate; Concerto for Violin (Wieniawski) Señor Sarasate; Overture, "Tannhäuser" (Wagner); Solo, Violin, "Rhapsodie Hongroise" (Auer), Señor Sarasate; Sallarello for Orchestra (Gounod).

Sofa Stalls, 10/6. *Reserved Area*, 5/- *Balcony*, 3/-
Area, 2/- *Gallery*, 1/-

Tickets for the above Concerts may be obtained of—

Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry, E.C.;
Messrs. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER & Co., 84, New Bond Street;
Mr. MITCHELL, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street;
Mr. OLLIVIER, 38, Old Bond Street;
Messrs. LACON & OLLIER, 166, New Bond Street, W.;
Messrs. CRAMER & Co., 63, New Bond Street, W.;
Messrs. SCHOTT & Co., 159, Regent Street, W.;
Messrs. KEITH, PROWSE & Co., 48, Cheapside, E.C.; at the Grand Hotel; and at the Langham Hotel;
Mr. ALFRED HAYS, 26, Old Bond Street, and 5, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C.
Mr. M. BARR, 80, Queen Victoria Street, opposite Mansion House Station
Mr. AUSTIN's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MANAGER, MR. N. VERT, 52, NEW BOND STREET, W.

MR. GANZ'S MATINÉE MUSICALE will take place on WEDNESDAY NEXT, MAY 26, at his Residence, 126, HARLEY STREET, W., at three o'clock.—Artists:—Madame Alwina Valleria (by kind permission of Carl Rosa, Esq.), Madame de Fonblanque, Miss Georgina Ganz (her first appearance), and Madame Patey; Mr. William Winch, Mr. Isidore de Lara, and Mr. Gilbert Campbell. Pianoforte, Mr. Ganz; Violin, Signor Papini; Violoncello, M. Libotton. Conductor, Messrs. Kuhe, Ford, and W. Ganz.—Stalls, One Guinea; tickets, 10/6; may be had of W. Ganz.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The Second Concert will take place on THURSDAY next, MAY 27, at 8. Artists: Madame Albani, Mr. Edward Lloyd; Violin, Madame Norman-Neruda; Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé; at the Piano, Mr. J. G. Callcott; at the Organ, Mr. John C. Ward; Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie. Tickets, 10/6, 6/- 3/- Admission 1/- Of usual agents, and at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

THE BELL'S MESSAGE, by CIRO PINSUTI, NEW PART-SONG, will be sung by the Holborn Choral Society (with Bell Accompaniment), at the HOLBORN TOWN HALL, on WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, under the direction of Mr. J. T. Hutchinson.—Tickets, 5/- 3/- 2/- 1/-

MR. JOHN L. CHILD.

MR. JOHN L. CHILD (late of Mr. Irving's Lyceum Company) has the honour to announce that his Second Dramatic and Miscellaneous Recital will take place on Saturday Evening, MAY 22, at Eight o'clock. Tickets and full particulars of Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street; and usual Agents.

MADLE VICTORIA DE BUNSEN'S Grand Evening Concert, under Royal and most distinguished Patronage, will take place at the Princes' Hall on May 31.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Proprietors of *The Musical World* offer a

PRIZE OF TEN GUINEAS

for the best Song, to English words, and by a composer resident in England. MSS. should be sent in on or before May 22, 1886, and should bear a motto or *nom de plume* identical with one on a sealed envelope, containing the name and address of the writer. Only the letter of the successful competitor will be opened. The judges are three musicians of reputation whose names are announced on page 311. The song selected will be published as a supplement to *The Musical World*. For full particulars see *The Musical World* of Feb. 6.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisements should be sent not later than 5 o'clock on Wednesdays, to the Office, at Messrs. MALLETT & Co.'s, 68 & 70, Wardour Street, London, W. Telephone No. 3849. Telegraphic address: "ASMAI," London.

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1886.

RUBINSTEIN.

The excitement into which our musical world was thrown by Liszt's brief stay in London has scarcely subsided and already we are expecting another visit from a pianist and composer scarcely less famous than he. Rubinstein's name has been very prominently before the public of various countries during the last few months. His latest and, as it is feared, last concert-tour has made a sensation in every centre of musical Europe. At Brussels, St. Petersburg, and Leipzig he has filled the largest concert halls to be found in those cities to overflowing, and in Paris the accesses to the Eden Theatre were on Monday last week crowded by carriages up till midnight, when his final recital came to a close. The sums realized by him are stated to be fabulous, all but equal, indeed, to the golden rain which descended upon Madame Patti during her recent tour in Spain and Portugal. But of this Rubinstein takes little heed. A large part of the proceeds of his Russian concerts he devoted to the foundation of a scholarship for composition, and in Paris, when the poor artists found it impossible to pay his prices, he gave all his recitals over again for their special benefit. It was at one of these extra concerts that his strength gave way under his Herculean task and he fainted at the piano. In his contempt for money Rubinstein resembles Liszt, and not in that alone. Liszt is by all musicians, and by none more willingly than by Rubinstein himself, admitted to be the first pianist of the age. But if the claims to the place of what we may call *secundus inter pares* were put to the vote, it is probable that the majority of

disinterested opinions would be given for Rubinstein. It is true that as regards classical dignity Madame Schumann is his superior, as an interpreter of Chopin, M. de Pachmann; and there are many pianists who can play more evenly and more correctly than he. Rubinstein, indeed, does not aspire to what the Germans call the "objective style" in art. He is a creature of fancy; he plays well or ill as he happens to be in the mood, and the wrong notes he has sounded in the course of his career would be enough, as he will laughingly confess, to make the longest symphony ever written. His admirers, in fact, have to take their chance, but when that chance is favourable the music he draws from the piano—wrong notes and all—is an overwhelming revelation of beauty and power. There is, in brief, in Rubinstein's nature what Goethe calls the "dæmonic element" and what is generally known as genius.

That genius has been for a number of years a household word in musical England, and we have no doubt that his reception among us will be such as the great artist has met with in every other capital, and as he fully deserves. If less demonstrative, the applause will be no less cordial than that recently awarded to Liszt. It is not likely that the cabmen will cheer him in the street, or that people will mount on their seats to catch a glimpse of him. These exceptional forms of hero-worship were due to Liszt's extraordinary personality and his imposing appearance quite as much as to any admiration for his art in the abstract. Moreover, it was not easy to get sight of Liszt. He sat among the audience and would not play. Rubinstein will be *en évidence*, and will play with a vengeance. The greatest compliment that can be paid to an artist has been awarded to him in advance. For his first recital, which takes place this afternoon, the hall is sold out in advance, and for the six others which will complete the series few, if any, reserved seats remain undisposed of. The compliment is even greater than appears at first sight, if the nature of the entertainment is considered. Rubinstein is evidently bent upon illustrating the maxim *ars vera res severa* in a manner which only a performer of his indomitable energy would be capable of, and the strain he puts upon his hearers is scarcely less severe than that undergone by himself. His recitals are prolonged much beyond the ordinary space of time allotted to their class; they will not be varied by any intermezzo in the shape of songs or concerted pieces; the piano will reign supreme, and each concert will in its way be a chapter of the history of music as connected with that instrument. Chronological order will as far as possible prevail, the first recital being devoted to the earlier masters, including two Englishmen, up to Mozart, and the second exclusively to Beethoven. No fewer than eight sonatas of Beethoven, beginning with that surnamed "The Moonlight" and ending with the great C minor (Op. 111), will be played in succession. "Sonate que me veux tu?" inquired the witty Frenchman. What would he have said of eight sonatas, and by Beethoven too? After this powerful dose the other performances, dealing with Schubert and Mendelssohn, and Weber and Schumann, and Liszt and Chopin, and the composers of the modern Russian school,

will be received with comparative composure by patient listeners. Rubinstein's efforts in going through this gigantic programme are, of course, entirely exceptional, and it must be hoped will remain so. A warning may be held out, however, to lesser men who for the sake of notoriety might wish to tread in his footsteps. The tendency of our times towards mistaking the big or the long for the intrinsically great is unfortunately as common in music as in other things, and mediocrities are only too ready to profit by the misconception. They will play three concertos, or eight, or if required a dozen, sonatas at a sitting, because Bülow or Tausig may on one occasion have done so, and, what is worse, they will always find people who, believing boredom to be the criterion of "high art," will listen to them, and even admire them. We should not be in the least surprised to see a whole crop of "historic recitals" on a large scale springing up in London concert rooms as soon as Rubinstein's back is turned. Aspirants to this kind of reflected splendour should ponder over the homely proverb come down to us from the times of modest and studious mediæval monks: *Quod licet Jovi non licet bovi*.

Among the Russian composers who will be represented at the final recital, a modest—most people will think, a too modest—place is assigned to Rubinstein himself. It is true that as a creative artist he has fewer implicit believers than as an executant. Russia looks upon him with national pride, but in other countries his works have not found general acceptance. In Germany or France or Italy none of his operas have kept the stage, if they have been given at all—a fact which will cause little surprise to those who witnessed the performance of *The Demon* at Covent Garden some years ago. In spite of Madame Albani's singing and of the composer's presence, the work gained scarcely more than what the French call a *succès d'estime*, and the same must be owned of the oratorio founded upon Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and produced under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society. It is different with the symphonies, and the pianoforte music, and the songs. Here the composer is more at home, and especially amongst his short musical lyrics there are some replete with beauty, and, as in the case of the Persian songs of Mirza Shaffy, with glowing Eastern colour. But even here he has not achieved such a position as to silence the objections of reasonable and by no means intentionally adverse criticism. Again we may refer to the parallel case of Liszt. He also is praised to the skies as a pianist by many who speak hesitatingly about his compositions or even deny them merit of any kind. Here, however, the similarity ends. Liszt in his later works approaches the deepest problems of modern music. He attempts to find a new form for ideas and poetic images of which the earlier masters never dreamt, and the only question is whether his absolute musical power is great enough to give substance to his noble designs. With Rubinstein the case is different. He does not essentially deviate from the established canons of the art, or if he does, it is by way of eclecticism rather than of creative originality. His style is a mixture of many elements; it lacks the impress of a powerful individuality. Perhaps the vast range of his

knowledge, extending over every age and every national type of music, accounts for the fact. What is meat for the pianist may be poison for the composer. But, apart from this, Rubinstein writes too much. The number of his published works considerably exceeds a hundred; if it were limited to thirty, there would probably be more than one masterpiece among them. If, as we should be sorry to think, Rubinstein's present campaign is his last—if he intends to rest on his laurels and to devote his leisure to composition, we hope that condensation will be his aim rather than copious new-production. While seated at the piano Rubinstein is in little danger of tiring his audience whether he plays his own or other masters' compositions; but it is different when his work is examined on paper and apart from the influence of his "dæmonic" nature. It should be remembered, moreover, that the same Goethe who speaks of the irresistible force of the "dæmonic" element has also laid it down as the first principle of creative art that by self-control only the true master is shown.—*The Times*, May 18.

"Musical World" Stories.

A WILD PIGEON CHASE.

BY ALEXANDER DUMAS (THE ELDER).

(Continued from page 314.)

"I was touched by this attention.

"Ah, yes," said the captain; "are you hungry?"

"Upon my word, captain," I replied, "since you are so kind as to ask, I will tell you frankly that I had but a poor dinner at Scarlino, and should be very glad of a snack."

"Sit down, then."

"Captain?"

"Come, take a seat at the table," said Rina, in the prettiest way. "Are you going to stand on ceremony with a friend like Tonino, and a countrywoman like me?"

"Oh, his excellency's name is Tonino? A very pretty name,—so musical."

"His real name is Antonino," said the young lady, with a laugh; "but I call him Tonino, a little pet name," and she gave him a look that his patron saint could not have resisted.

"I call him that because I love him—there!"

"You little witch," murmured the captain.

"In the meanwhile, sir, a place had been laid for me, and a chair set with all possible attention. I saw that after all my position in M. Tonino's household would prove less intolerable than I first imagined, and that I should be treated with the consideration due to an artist.

"My supper had been prepared at the captain's place, so Miss Rina herself was kind enough to hand the dishes and pour out the wines, which enabled me to see quite plainly that it was my ring that sparkled on her finger. From time to time I fixed my eyes on her face; for the more I looked at her the more convinced I felt, sir, that her countenance was not unknown to me. As for the bandit, he was toying with her hair; and now and then he was rewarded by a rap on the knuckles. He kept saying—

"You will dance, Rina darling, won't you?"

"And she would answer, 'Perhaps.'

"When I had finished supper, Miss Rina remarked with much tact that probably I required a little rest. I was half dead with weariness, sir; and although it is impolite to yawn—I am not alluding to you, sir—I was yawning enough to dislocate my jaw. So I did not wait to be asked a second time, but desired to be shown my room, and went to bed.

"I slept for fifteen hours on end, sir. They were rather impatient for me to wake, for they had the politeness not to rouse me.

This I thought great delicacy from a bandit chief. But no sooner had I sneezed—I have a habit of sneezing when I wake, sir—than five violins were brought into my room. Each of the men had brought back one. This led me to remark—

"Violins will be at a premium;" and at this joke the captain smiled.

"I chose the best, and the other four were used for firewood.

"When I had chosen, I was told to take my instrument and go to the captain, who was waiting dinner for me. You may imagine I did not keep him waiting. There was a large spread: that is to say, one table for the captain, Miss Rina, Picard, and myself, and seven or eight smaller tables for the rest of the bandits. At the end of the room were at least three hundred lighted candles, which made a charming illumination. I guessed we were to have a ball.

"The dinner was very lively, sir. The bandits were really very good fellows. The captain in particular was in a charming temper, due, no doubt, to the cajolements that Miss Rina lavished on him when dinner was over.

"You remember your promise, Rina," said the captain.

"Well, have I said I wouldn't?" replied the young lady, with a smile.

"She really had a very winning smile.

"Very well, then, go and get ready; but don't be long."

"Put your watch on the table."

"There!"

"I want a quarter of an hour; is that too much?"

"Oh, no," said I, "certainly not."

"There, take a quarter of an hour."

"Miss Rina bounded off, light as a fawn, to the end of the saloon, and out through the door around which the three hundred candles were arranged.

"And you, Mr. Musico," said the captain, "I hope you mean to distinguish yourself."

"I shall do my best, captain!"

"Bravo! And if I am satisfied with you, your hundred crowns shall be restored."

"And my diamond-ring, captain?"

"Oh, as for that you must bid it good-bye. Besides, you see, Rina has it, and you are too gallant to take it back from her."

"I grimaced an assent which seemed to satisfy him.

"Now, my men," said the captain, "I am going to give you a treat fit for the cardinals. I hope it will please you."

"Viva il capitano!" cried the bandits.

"That instant Miss Rina made her appearance at the door.

"M. Dumas, she was dressed *en bayadère*, in a silver bodice, a cashmere shawl round her waist, a little gauze skirt above her knees, and a pair of silk trousers reaching to her waist. She looked really charming in this costume.

"I grasped my violin with all my strength. I thought myself back once more at the Marseilles Theatre.

"What air would you like to dance to, Miss?" I enquired.

"Do you know the Shawl Dance from the Clary ballet?"

"Certainly, it is my favourite dance."

"Then fire away. I am ready."

"I began the prelude. The bandits gathered round in a circle.

"At the first bars she bounded like a sylph, tapping her feet together, raising one leg and pirouetting to perfection. The bandits shouted bravo like madmen. And I kept repeating to myself, 'Wonderful! Surely I know that pair of legs!'

"They struck my recollection even more than her face. When I have once seen a face, M. Dumas, I never forget it."

"She was untireable, sir. Indeed, she must have gathered strength from the applause. She rose and sank, bounded and pirouetted, and did it all with the most enchanting movements, on my word of honour. The captain was like a madman. For my part, I was in a frenzy. Her legs seemed to be signalling to me in a thousand ways, and to return my recognition. Had they had speech I am sure they would have said, 'How are you, M. Louet?'

"In the middle of the Shawl Dance the innkeeper rushed in, in a great fright, and spoke a few words in the captain's ear.

"Ove sono?" enquired the captain, calmly.

"At San Dalmazio," replied the innkeeper.

"Finish your dance—we have time enough."

"What is the matter?" asked Miss Rina, bending backwards and rounding her arms.

"Nothing, nothing," said the captain. "It seems those rascally travellers whom we stopped have given the alarm at Sienna and Florence, and Grand Duchess Eliza's hussars are on our track."

"They have just chosen the right time," said Rina, laughing; "I have finished my dance."

"Just one more pirouette, my darling," said the captain.

"I can refuse you nothing. Play the last eight bars again, please, M. Louet....Well? Go on."

"I am looking for my bow, Miss."

"Would you believe it. The bow had dropped from my hand when I heard the news."

"As for Miss Rina, however, it seemed to have given her fresh legs. It was then I felt I recognized them. But where had I seen them—where had I seen them?"

"I believe her legs had never achieved such a triumph before. She bounded to the little door of the room where she had dressed, and turning round as if she were going off the stage, she curtisied and blew the captain a kiss."

"Now to arms," said the captain. "Get ready a horse for Rina and a horse for the musician. We will go on foot; the Romagna road. Do you understand? Those who get separated will rejoin us at Chianciano, between Chiusa and Pianza."

"Why, captain," I exclaimed, "do you mean to take me with you?"

"Certainly. How can Rina dance if she has no music? And how am I to exist without seeing her dance?"

"But, captain, you will expose me to a thousand dangers."

"No more and no less than ourselves."

"Yes, but that's your calling, and it isn't mine."

"What did you get at your ramshackle theatre?" That's how he spoke of the Marseilles Theatre, gentlemen.

"I had eight hundred francs a year."

"Very well. I'll give you a thousand crowns. Go and find me a theatrical manager who will pay you as much."

"I could make no reply. I had to bear my fate with a stout heart."

"Everything is ready," said Picard, coming back.

"Here I am," said Miss Rina, running in in her Roman costume.

"Then let us be off," said the captain.

"Ussari, ussari," cried the innkeeper.

"Every one made for the stairs."

"Stop," cried the captain with an oath, coming back into the room; "you've forgotten your fiddle, I think?"

"I took the instrument. I wished I could hide inside it."

"At the inn-door we found our horses ready saddled."

"Well, Mr. Musician," said Rina, "won't you help me to mount? You are gallant."

"Mechanically I stretched out my arm to support her, and I felt her put a piece of paper in my hand."

"Cold perspiration stood on my forehead. What could she have written on the paper? Was it a declaration of love? Had my personal attentions proved too much for the dancer; and had I become the captain's rival? I should have liked to hurl the note far from me; but curiosity prevailed, and I put it in my pocket."

"Ussari, ussari," cried the innkeeper, again.

"And, indeed, a dull sound was heard on the high road, like a company of cavalry galloping up."

"Up, booby," said Picard, seizing me by the seat of my breeches and helping me to mount."

"Good. Now tie his fiddle on his back. There!"

"I felt that I was being tied to my instrument. Two bandits took hold of the bridle of Miss Rina's horse, and two others did the same to mine. The captain, carbine on shoulder, began to run by her side, and Picard ran by me. The whole band, amounting to some fifteen or eighteen men followed behind."

"Five or six shots were fired about three hundred paces in our rear, and we could hear the bullets whistle past."

"To the left," said the captain, "to the left."

"Scarcely was his order given when we left the high road and descended into a sort of valley through which a torrent ran. It was the first time I had ever been on horseback. I held on by the neck and tail. What a lucky thing, sir, that horses have so much hair."

"When we had all turned off, the captain ordered a halt. Then we listened. We heard the hussars gallop past at full speed along the high road."

"Bravo!" cried Picard; "if they keep on at that rate they will soon get to Grosseto."

"Let them go," said the captain. "We will keep along the torrent bed; the noise of the water will drown ours."

"We marched thus for about a hour and a half. Then we came to the junction of our torrent with another little one which fell into it."

"Isn't this the Orcia?" asked the captain, in a half-whisper.

"No, no," said Picard. "This is only the Orbia. The Orcia is at least four miles lower."

"We pushed on again, and, an hour later, we did find another torrent which flowed into ours. For we were marching in a river. You see, M. Méry, the Var is not the only river that is hard up for water."

"Ah, now I know where I am," said the captain. "To the left, to the left."

"The order was executed instantly."

"At four in the morning we crossed a high road."

"Come, bear up," said Picard, who heard me groaning, "here we are on the Sienna road; and in an hour and a half we shall be at Chanciano."

(To be continued.)

Concerts.

RUBINSTEIN'S RECITAL.

One of the most interesting series of concerts, even in this extraordinary musical season, was inaugurated on Tuesday at St. James's Hall. Herr Anton Rubinstein has, since his last visit to England, enlarged very considerably the length and scope of the "Pianoforte Recital," a form of entertainment which he has done more than any one else to bring into fashion. The overwhelming interest of the programmes, to say nothing of their enormous length, makes the present cycle of concerts memorable; there is hardly one work of world-wide celebrity in the sphere of pianoforte music that is not contained in one of the programmes, and multitudes of compositions appear which will be new even to the most sedulous frequenter of the piano recital. The first programme is so interesting that it may be quoted *in extenso* :—

WILLIAM BIRD (*sic*, read BYRD)—Variations on "The Carman's Whistle."

Dr. JOHN BULL—Variations on "The King's Hunting Jig."

COUPERIN—Five pieces :—"La Ténébreuse," "Le Réveil-matin," "La Favorite," "Le Bavolet Flottant," and "La Bandoline."

RAMEAU—"Le Rappel des Oiseaux," "La Poule," and Gavotte with variations.

DOM. SCARLATTI—The "Cat's Fugue," and Sonata in A.

J. S. BACH—Preludes and Fugues, from the "48," in C minor and D. Preludes from the same, in E flat minor, E flat major, and B flat minor. Chromatic Fantasia, Gigue, Sarabande and Gavotte.

HANDEL—Fugue in E minor. The "Harmonious Blacksmith." Sarabande and Passacaglia from suite in G minor. Gigue in A, and Air with variations in D minor.

C. P. E. BACH—Rondo in B minor; "La Xenophone" and "Sybille"; "Les Langueurs Tendres" and "La Complaisante."

HAYDN—Theme and variations in F minor.

MOZART—Fantasia in C minor; Gigue in G; and Rondo, "Alla Turca."

All the first part of the programme was played, not only with absolute precision but with a reverence for the old-fashioned conventions and ornaments that is now-a-days all too rare. The *Agréments* of the French composers were rigidly adhered to, and performed with a delicacy that passes description. Of the pieces in the first division of the programme, the most successful were perhaps the selection from Couperin, and the "Cat's Fugue" of Scarlatti, in the last of which a thrilling effect was obtained by the device of ending it quite slowly and softly. The other piece of the same master, was played at such a break-neck pace that the audience could not follow its meaning, nor could the artist execute its passages. This was the first appearance in this programme of Herr Rubinstein's characteristic eccentricity, but it was not the last, for in no less familiar a work than "The Harmonious Blacksmith," more than one of the variations was absolutely lost in confusion, not to mention the extra-

ordinary fact that the E in the bass, with which the air begins, and which gives all the character to the rhythm, was left out altogether. The selection from Bach was, on the other hand, delivered to absolute perfection, and that from the works of his son was no less successful in its interpretation. Indeed, this portion of the programme was, in some important respects, the most delightful of all—though, perhaps, if an isolated number is to be selected for especial praise, it must be the Fantasia of Mozart, which was interpreted in the grandest way imaginable. Every bar, as delivered by this great artist contained matter for study, not to say imitation. The exquisite beauty of his tone—though we do not much admire the instrument on which he has elected to play—was here especially remarkable, as well as the wonderful poetry of his reading. Owing to the rapidity with which one piece followed another, the recital did not occupy much more than the customary two hours.

RICHTER CONCERTS.

We can deal with the third Richter concert in very brief fashion, not because its components were lacking in interest, but because we have analyzed the chief of those components, the *Eumenides* music by Mr. Stanford, at considerable length in connection with the performance of *Æschylus's* play at Cambridge, for which that music was originally written. Dispensing, therefore, with further analysis, we may simply state that Mr. Stanford's work is excellent in every respect, rendering as it does, the simplicity and tragic force of the Greek drama without having recourse to the archaisms of Greek scales. The performance also may be dismissed with one word of unqualified praise—perfect, a few uncertainties of intonation on the part of the young choristers, all members of the Cambridge University Musical Society, excepted. That Herr Richter secured an admirable performance of the orchestral movements, will be readily taken for granted. The choral music was sung to the original words of *Æschylus*, and in connection with Mr. Stanford's treatment of those words a correspondent who knows all about Greek, ancient and modern, sends us the following remarks, which will be welcome to those interested in such matters. Our correspondent writes: "I cannot let the occasion pass without uttering a strong protest—even if it be the only one that sees the light—against the barbarity of adopting the English system of pronunciation on this occasion. Dr. Stanford has faithfully followed the quantitative rules of metre, to the absolute neglect of the accentual stress, with the result that the whole rhythm of his music hinges upon a theory, which to the educated Greek of to-day is a preposterous absurdity. What should we say if the French were to insist on pronouncing Chaucer exactly as if he were one of their poets of to-day? Students acquainted with the lineal connection of modern with classical Greek will recognize that I have not over-shot the mark in the parallel thus instituted. And yet with our delightful insular complacency we have gone on for generations in this false path, and will doubtless continue to do so till the end of the chapter. This English method of pronouncing Greek is all very well for schools, but for the public performance of plays it is a public confession of our linguistic incapacity. I hope there were no Greeks present on Monday night. In case there were, one can well imagine their feelings on listening to the strange vowel sounds and stranger consonants of the 'original—very original—language.'" Berlioz's prodigiously clever overture, "*Les Francs Juges*," brings home to us the appropriateness of Wagner's description of him as "*verflucht pffiffig*." The Jupiter of his Olympus—to quote his own words—at the time of its composition was Gluck, and the second subject recalls by its dignified beauty the melodies of that master, just as the form of other passages betrays the influence of Beethoven. Of this fine work a fine rendering was given, while the performance of Bach's "*Selection*" for string orchestra was so finished as to abate the scruples of *a priori* purism. Some of the contrasts obtained in the "*Gavotte en rondeau*" (taken from *Partita III.*) were amazingly effective, and a large portion of the audience would have willingly listened to this movement again. The symphony with which the programme concluded, was Beethoven's in A major, No. 7, the execution of which struck us as slightly unequal, though admirable in parts. The allegretto went beautifully, but at the finale it seemed as though Herr Richter's forces were hardly playing with their accustomed fire. Perhaps they had not recovered from the effects of the close proximity of the twenty-odd Furies.

SEÑOR SARASATE'S CONCERT.

Señor Sarasate's concert No. 3 on Saturday last week, was like Nos. 1 and 2, well attended, a fact which proves that people care more about Señor Sarasate playing at all, than about what he happens to play. The programme was the least interesting of those as yet presented. Bruch's Scotch Concerto is in the first instance not Scotch at all; for although the tunes are more or less derived from that country, their treatment is essentially Teutonic and therefore Anti-Celtic. Apart from this, the work is greatly inferior to the same composer's G minor Concerto, which is, indeed, one of the three or four masterpieces of its class. Señor Sarasate also played a violin solo of his own, "*Le Chant du Rossignol*," which, as the name implies, is essentially a show piece, although a very clever one. The excellent orchestra under Mr. Cusins's direction, gave performances of Liszt's *Poème Symphonique*, "*Les Préludes*," Meyerbeer's *Struensee* overture and the Turkish March from *The Ruins of Athens*.

MR. CARRODUS'S CONCERT.

The concert given by Mr. J. T. Carrodus at St. James's Hall, on Thursday evening last week, attracted a somewhat meagre audience, in spite of the varied character of the programme. The little interest which appears to have been excited by the announcement that two of our leading English musicians would conduct in person important compositions of their own, certainly gives no very exalted idea of the encouragement which even now the general public are ready to extend to native talent. Good performances, however, were obtained of Mr. Mackenzie's ballad, "*La Belle Dame sans Merci*," and Sir Arthur Sullivan's Symphony in E, as was to be expected under such conditions. Mr. Carrodus, a pious disciple of Molique, played the Fifth Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, and, later on, the same master's Fandango, with which frequenters of the Promenade Concerts have been made familiar. Madame Clara Samuëll was the vocalist, and contributed songs from *Der Freischütz* and Wallace's *Amber Witch*.

"TANNHÄUSER" AT THE APOLLO THEATRE, ROME.

(Translated from the "*Fanfulla*.")

The Theatre.—Immersed from beginning to end in that half-light which Richard Wagner adored. The fifth and sixth tiers seemed to be enveloped in that rosy mist which serves in the first act to hide the two lovers asleep in the symbolical shell. The gasman of the Apollo, converted to Wagnerism, had turned on the gas at half-pressure; Lamperti, the impresario, who is even more of a Wagnerite, would probably have wished the opera to have been represented in total darkness, as in the German theatres.

Whence we may reasonably conclude that the gas companies will always prefer the operettas of Offenbach and Lecocq, where there is plenty of light.

The Audience.—Serious and sad, resigned and radiant. Most of them came into the stalls and boxes with the demeanour of people about to assist at the funeral of some august personage. Conversation was brief and carried on in a low voice, even the backs of the box-doors creaked less than usual, as if a Wagnerian unctuousness had made them less rusty. Here and there were splendid toilettes, though subdued in colour. There were also a few garments of immaculate purity, of a purity suffused with mysticism appropriate to the music. The audience had endeavoured to frame Wagner's picture in a manner worthy of the opera and the master.

The Performance.—Admirable in every respect, rich in orchestral colouring. The overture, played with marvellous precision and unanimity of feeling, was rapturously encored; there were also encores for the beautiful air in the first act, splendidly sung by Koschmann, and the air in the third act sung by the same artist, who filled his part (of Wolfram) with a happy intuition of the character, and with that perfection of singing which Wagner, always *bizarre*, demands of both baritone and soprano, without at any time uniting them in a *morceau d'ensemble*. The other scenes of the opera were heard with continuous attention and were applauded

more or less unanimously, and the audience, intent upon seizing as much as possible the beauties of the music, were not able to form a definitive judgment upon the various artists.

The tenor, Bertini, gave proof of singular vigour, in not being crushed under the weight of a part which has something in common with the grindstone of a mill. Signor Pierson, an artist of true Wagnerian strain, has unusual dramatic power, but the voice lacks that sweetness of tone which is especially needful in the prayer of the third act. Signora Smeroschi did not make the least impression in the ungrateful part of Venus, though it was through no fault of her own. The other artists, such as Jorda and Dado, interpreted their important but ineffective parts with their usual conscientious accuracy. The chorus, though tired out by long rehearsals, did wonders; and a better knowledge of the score will help them in future representations to attain to greater perfection. The scenery is magnificent. In fact, the representation of *Tannhäuser* at the Apollo has proved to me, in spite, I confess, of my convictions to the contrary, that it is possible to mount an opera of Wagner's even with a limited number of rehearsals and to gain a complete victory. As for the conductor, Mascheroni, words are not sufficient to praise him.

The Music.—It is not possible to judge after one hearing, for no one will deny that the ideals of Wagner are something quite different from the apologies for suggestions which gave life to *La Belle Hélène* and *La Fille de Madame Angot*. I will, therefore, at once declare my incompetence, and limit myself to a few observations. One of the characteristics of the musical drama of Wagner, and one which constitutes for the majority of Italians an obscurity and a defect, is the impersonality of the characters. They are not men and women of flesh and blood like ourselves, but symbols and hieroglyphics, fleeting phantasms which do not walk the stage, but float about in the air, singing in a mystic cloud, or, if they take a human form, shrinking up so as to pack themselves away in the sonorous bodies of the violins and violoncelli of the orchestra, or lengthening themselves like the drawn-out thread of a wick, so as to get into the tubes of the bassoons and oboes. They have passions and affections, but they manifest themselves hyperbolically. They also live in a world of such vast proportions that our mortal eyes can scarcely ever discern their limits. In one thing Wagner's music is certainly unrivalled, and that is in what one might call the plastic musicability of the landscape, which under his vigorous breath is reanimated by the splendid colours of a magic palette. But in this landscape there is always one mountain a little too lofty, one view a little too extensive, and the heroes and heroines appear a little too much steeped in mysticism. They do not love and hate, enjoy and suffer, as in the life, however idealized, of the world we live in, but everywhere hyperbole reigns supreme, inundating both stage and orchestra, and twisting and untwisting itself into fantastic knots in which the leading thread often escapes us.

Thence is determined the essential character of Wagnerian music properly so-called, which consists in a vagueness of contours, a continuous succession, a working out without repose, to which we Italians are not yet accustomed. *Tannhäuser* has melodious beauties of the first order, such as the whole part of Wolfram, the hymn to Venus sung by the tenor in the first act, the beautiful hymn of Elisabeth, the chorus of pilgrims, and the admirable march in the second act, which Beethoven might have introduced into that tenth symphony which he never wrote; the march alone contradicts the curious assertion that Wagner has no melody. But there still remains the original fault, which is for Wagnerians the chief title to glory; there remain the exaggerated idealism of the subject, its narrow development; and the absence of that which adepts call vulgarity, and others the reality of life, renders the minds of the audience confused, and the air so heavy that, like *Tannhäuser*, we wish to return to men, and see the real sun and the real stars, and not the fantastic constellations with which the Wagnerian heaven is strewn.

Will the artistic success of *Tannhäuser* be confirmed by successive representations? Most probably. Will it become naturalized in Italy like *Lohengrin* and *Rienzi*? That is impossible to say. If the adamantiness clearness of one or two pieces could ensure the triumph of an opera, *Tannhäuser* would be destined to a long and glorious pilgrimage in the Italian theatres; but the superfluity of its melodic material, and that vagueness to which we have alluded, may always be insuperable obstacles, until the progress of musical culture

shall raise and purify the taste of the majority who pay to be amused. This is the whole question; and whole volumes of Wagner's theories go for nothing. I may be mistaken, but it seemed to me that the audience last night found more music of the future in *Tannhäuser* than in *Lohengrin*.

Conclusion. The audience left the theatre at a quarter to one in the morning, tired and satiated; discussion was guarded and without enthusiasm. It was late, and as the rain fell in torrents, the "bell' astro incantator" which with its sidereal light had inflamed the platonic soul of Wolfram, had disappeared from heaven; so the irate critics, more or less sincere, extinguished their ardour in the puddles of the Via Tordinona and the Via dell' Orso.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SATURDAY, May 22.—10 a.m.: Service, Sir John Rogers; Anthem, "Try me, O God," No. 237 (Ps. cxxxix. 23), Nares. 3 p.m.: Service (Smart), in B flat; Anthem, "Hear my crying," No. 110 (Ps. li. 1), Weldon.

SUNDAY, May 23 (4th Sunday after Easter).—10 a.m.: Service (Barnby), in E throughout; Hymn after 3rd Collect, 166. 3 p.m.: Service (Cooke), in C; Anthem, "The Wilderness," No. 431 (Isa. xxxv. 1), Goss; Hymn after 3rd Collect, 165. 7 p.m.: Service in the Nave.

Next Week's Music.

TO-DAY (SATURDAY).

P.M.

Señor Sarasate's Concert	St. James's Hall... 3
Chamber Music Concert	Princes' Hall... 3
Mr. Sims Reeves's Concert	Albert Palace... 7-45
Signor Denza's Concert	Princes' Hall... 8

MONDAY, 24.

M. Rubinstein's Pianoforte Recital	St. James's Hall... 2.30
Richter Concert	St. James's Hall... 8

TUESDAY, 25.

Mrs. Dutton Cook's Concert	1, Belgrave Square... 3.30
<i>Lucrezia Borgia</i>	Covent Garden Theatre... 8.20

THURSDAY 27.

M. Rubinstein's Pianoforte Recital.....	St. James's Hall... 2.30
Concert	105, Piccadilly... 3.30
Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir.....	St. James's Hall... 8
Opera	Covent Garden Theatre... 8.30

FRIDAY, 28.

Royal Academy of Music Students' Concert	St. James's Hall... 2.30
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Notes and News.

LONDON.

Assisted by several excellent vocalists and instrumentalists, Mr. Phillips, a tenor singer now emerging into the professional arena, was enabled to offer his friends so attractive a musical bill of fare last Friday afternoon, that the seating capacity of Messrs. Collard's concert-room was tried to the utmost. The concert-giver, who met with a very friendly reception, was heard in Mendelssohn's "Garland" and Kücken's "Bird, fly from hence," with violin obbligato for Herr Poznanski. Mr. Phillips, who we believe is a pupil of Mr. Henry Guy, is somewhat lacking in the positive qualities—decision and spirit—which ensure artistic success. But the nervousness inseparable from a first appearance must be liberally allowed for, and with this deduction, Mr. Phillips's efforts were not without the elements of promise. Madame Patey, who was in very good voice, made a great hit by a phenomenal low note in Sullivan's "A Shadow"; Mr. Barrington Foote sang Schubert's "Aufenthalt" and

Marzials's "Ask nothing more" with robust energy and excellent enunciation; Mrs. Hutchinson's rendering of Massenet's "Crépuscule" was quite a *tour de force* of refined *soffo voce* singing.

Mr. Ernst Pauer in his second musical lecture at the Royal Institution on Saturday, explained in a way easily understood by his audience, and with numerous examples on the pianoforte, the characteristics of Preludes and Fugues, old Dance Movements, with illustrations of the Sarabande, Gavotte, Bourrée, Minuet and Gigue, concluding with some analytical remarks on the Sonata.

The preparations for the Italian season at Covent Garden are progressing rapidly, and the first performance is fixed for Tuesday, when Madame de Cepeda, Mdle. Lubatovi, Signor Gayarré, and Signor Pandolfini will take the principal parts. Madame Albani, Madame Scalchi, M. Maurel, and possibly Mdle. Donadio, will also appear in the course of the season, in addition to various new-comers, amongst whom Mdle. Ella Russell, an American soprano, Mdle. Giulia Valda, and others are named. Of the cast of *Colomba*, which will be given about the middle of the season, we propose to give some details in our next. Signor Bevingani will fill the post of conductor, and Mr. Carrodus that of leader.

The return to England of Mr. Mapleson and his company is also imminent, but whether he intends to set up what his American friends would call an "opposition show," is as yet doubtful.

For the Exhibition to be opened at Folkestone this afternoon, Mr. Cowen has written yet another official overture. He might do better than waste his talent on such ungrateful tasks.

The first performance of the new opera, *Guillem the Troubadour*, is fixed for the 7th of next month, the stage arrangements having been found too complicated and the music too difficult to admit of an earlier production.

Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of the "Colonial and Indian Grand Festal March," composed by G. Augustus Holmes, in honour of the Exhibition at South Kensington. The march is dedicated by permission to H.R.H. Princess Christian.

The St. Cecilia Society announce their seventh public concert, under the conductorship of Mr. Malcolm Lawson, at Princes' Hall, on Tuesday evening, June 8. The first part will consist of Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*, scored for strings and organ expressly by Mr. Malcolm Lawson, the solo parts being undertaken by Miss Emily Lawson, Miss Wike, Miss Howell, and Miss Tomlin. In the second part a miscellaneous vocal selection will be given, to which Miss Mary Carmichael will contribute songs and a pianoforte solo.

A concert, under the direction of Mr. R. Thurgate, will be given on Thursday evening next at the Vestry Hall, Paddington Green, in aid of the Rev. W. Stainer's Homes for Deaf and Dumb Children on the oral system. Miss Minnie Laurie, Mrs. Robins, Mr. Toy, Mr. Richards, Mr. Tompkins and other artists will assist.

By way, perhaps, of a foretaste of Italian opera, the season of which is now impending, a performance of *Rigoletto* was given last Wednesday afternoon at the Gaiety Theatre. It is not easy to conjecture the motive Mr. Richard Temple can have had in view in thus incurring the expense of an isolated representation of a well-worn opera, unless indeed it was to prove that artists, such as himself and Mr. Durward Lely, associated usually with burlesque opera, are not disqualified by that fact from making an appearance upon the serious lyric stage. The result was, considering the circumstances, a very creditable performance, both as regards the musical rendering and the mounting of the piece. Madame Rose Hersee's Gilda, Mr. Richard Temple's Rigoletto, and Mr. Durward Lely's Duke were frequently applauded by an audience which was evidently prepared to be pleased, and whose expectation was not disappointed.

Mr. Ganz's morning concert will take place next Wednesday, at 126, Harley Street. Amongst the artists will be Mesdames Valleria, Georgina Ganz, Patey; MM. Winch, Ganz (pianoforte), Papini (violin), and Libotton (violoncello).

PROVINCIAL.

BATH.—The concluding concert of this season was given by the Bath Philharmonic Society, on Monday evening, with an agreeable and diversified programme. In the rendering of choruses, part-songs, &c., the choir fully maintained the reputation acquired by them in their recent performance of *The Martyr of Antioch*, reflecting much credit upon themselves and their conductor, Mr. Albert Visetti, and also upon his assistant, Mr. Albert Reakes. Miss Hilda Benson as pianist, and Mr. Hartnell

and Mr. Reakes, as solo vocalists, acquitted themselves much to the satisfaction of a large and appreciative audience, and Mr. O. Yearsley also sang. Mr. Campbell's pupils played the violin part of Gounod's "Ave Maria" satisfactorily, and a most welcome item—coming between the two parts of the programme—was the Andante and Finale from Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor, played by Mr. Visetti, Herr van Praag, and Mr. J. D. Harris; the pianoforte playing of Mr. Visetti being specially noticeable for its musicianly feeling and ease of execution. The accompaniments were given by Miss Constance Gregory (piano), Miss Mendum (harp), and Mr. H. J. Davis (organ). A pleasing feature of the entertainment was the performance, under the bâton of the composers, of two works by musicians resident here, Mr. J. K. Pyne, and Signor Pieraccini, which were received most favourably. To terminate the season Mr. Visetti gave, on the following evening, a *conversazione*, invitations being issued to members of the society and their friends, local musicians, the press, &c., and a large company being assembled. In the course of the evening great pleasure was afforded by a varied entertainment of music, recitations, &c., in which the performers already referred to took part.—The Orchestral Society gave their third and final concert of the season last week, playing a varied selection. The members of the orchestra and their conductor, Mr. H. T. Sims (who also played the piano accompaniments), are to be commended for their great improvement. The vocalists were Miss Alice Grey (an Academy pupil of Mr. Shakespeare), and Mr. Miles (who has been instructed by the respected local professor, Signor Pieraccini). Both were successful, as also was Herr van Praag in a violin solo.—The Choral Union terminated their season with a concert containing Cowen's *Sleeping Beauty*, the solo vocalists being Mrs. Bartholomew (Miss Kate Shackell), Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. W. Nicholl, and Mr. H. Thorndike.

GLASGOW.—The Glasgow Academy Choir gave its eighth annual concert in the Queen's Rooms on Friday evening May 14. An operetta entitled *Love's Conquest*, a village idyll, written by T. Stewart, and composed by Gustav Ernest, was the principal work. It was extremely well gone through. The gentlemen who assisted (all old academicians), sang with taste and success. The boys distinguished themselves in M. B. Foster's anthem, "If ye then be risen with Christ," which opened the programme; C. A. Macirone's part song, "The Avon," and F. Distin's part song, "Jack Horner," which was excessively well rendered, and brought the programme to a close. Mr. John Maclaren, the conductor, may be well proud of his choir, and especial commendation is due to the manner in which Mrs. Maclaren and Mr. C. Hall Woolnoth accompanied throughout the evening.

KILMARNOCK.—On Thursday evening, May 13, a chamber concert was given in the Corn Exchange Hall. The executants were six in number, namely, Mr. W. H. Cole, first violin; Mr. W. If, second violin; Mr. John Daly, viola; Mr. J. Walton, cello; Mr. W. H. Stewart, contrabass; and Mr. C. H. Woolnoth, pianoforte. The audience, though not large, was most discreet in the manner in which they accorded their enthusiasm. The programme was comprised of Schubert's "Trout" quintet, Op. 114; Mozart's String Quartet, No. 23, in E major; Schubert's String Quartet, "Death and the Maiden"; and J. Rheinberger's Quartet, Op. 38. A violin solo (Wieniawski, No. 2, Op. 21) "Polonaise," performed by Mr. Cole was received, as was also a violoncello solo on Scottish airs, by Kummer, played by Mr. Walton, who showed a rich, full tone, and clever technique. Mr. Woolnoth gave a capital rendering of Raff's "Ode to Spring," a pianoforte solo, accompanied by strings, with which the second part opened. The vocalist was Mr. Andrew Black. His chief song was Schubert's "Erl King." He also sang Gounod's "Nazareth" and the "Toreador," from Bizet's *Carmen*.

COLONIAL.

DEMERARA, May 1.—The Demerara Musical Society gave its sixth concert in the Philharmonic Hall, last night, under the patronage and in the presence of His Excellency the Governor and Lady Irving. Only a small number of the front seats were occupied, and there were less than half-a-dozen persons in the "gallery." The concert consisted of solo, choral, and operatic music. The first item on the programme was Sir G. A. Macfarren's cantata "May-Day," the soprano solos in which were entrusted to Mrs. Wright, who discharged her obligations in a manner satisfactory to the audience, and who was heartily applauded for her rendering of the last solo. The choruses in the piece were given with effect and with a degree of precision which showed that both choir and orchestra had studied their parts with care. Colonel Chermide sang a lively air entitled "Who Cares," and as usual "brought down the house." Other songs in "May-Day" were rendered by Mrs. Wieting and Mrs. Wright. These ladies are favourites with the musical portion of the public, and it is unnecessary to say more than that they both sustained their past reputations. One of the best things of the evening was a violoncello solo by Mr. Hemery. The comic cantata "John Gilpin" formed part II. of the programme. The piece opens with a fine overture

and chorus, which were excellently rendered; but several of the recitatives, airs, solos and duets, through no fault of the singers, rather wearied the audience. The lively chorus "Now let us sing, long live the King," at the close, however, restored the animation, and the curtain fell amidst a furore of applause. A comic operetta entitled "Up the River" was the third and concluding item on the bill of fare. The characters were represented by Mr. F. A. Sherlock, Mrs. W. Stephenson, and Mr. Veacock, all of whom performed their rôles to the satisfaction of the audience. Musically, the entertainment was a great success, and the way in which everything passed off reflects much credit on the conductor, Mr. Colbeck. —*Demerara Daily Chronicle.*

MELBOURNE, April 7.—Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado* has been running at the Theatre Royal for the last six weeks, the house being crowded every evening by a vast audience. The opera is magnificently mounted; the scenery is superb, and the dresses have been imported from Japan by Messrs. Williamson, Garner, and Musgrove, the managers of the theatre. The principal parts are filled as follows: The Mikado, Mr. John Forde; Koko, Mr. Howard Vernon; Katisha, Miss Alice Barnett (late of the Savoy Theatre, London); Nanki-Poo, Mr. Harrison; Pooh-Bah, Mr. Woodfield; Yum-Yum, Miss Nellie Stewart; Pitti-Sing, Miss Ida Osborne. Mr. Alfred Cellier is the conductor, and Mr. J. Wallace the stage-manager. The scenery has been painted by Mr. G. Gordon. Judging from present appearances the *Mikado* will have a season of indefinite length at the Royal.—A season of comic opera under the sub-lesseeship of Mr. S. Moore is being given at Her Majesty's Opera House, and is being attended with considerable success. The prima donna is Miss Annette Ivanovna, and the leading low-comedian Mr. T. B. Appleby. *Manteaux Noirs* and *Boccaccio* have been produced; *Rip Van Winkle* is now running, and *Falka* is announced as in preparation.—The "Continental Concerts" given on Saturday afternoons in the Zoological Gardens, Royal Park, have become very popular. The music rendered is instrumental, the performers being Mr. Julius Herz's band. Refreshments are served during the concerts.—The tenth season of Mr. T. H. Guenett's Melbourne Popular Concerts was commenced this afternoon in the hall attached to Messrs. Glen and Co's music-warehouse, Collins Street. The concerts will commence at 3.15, and terminate at 5 o'clock. The vocalist to-day was Herr R. Himmer; the pianist, Mr. Guenett; and the instrumental quartet were Messrs. G. Weston, Curtis, Zerbini, and Reimers.—The Metropolitan Liedertafel, under the conductorship of Mr. Julius Herz, gave a concert on the 29th ult., in the Town Hall. The programme comprised the first acts of *Les Huguenots* and *Tannhäuser*. The singers were Mr. Armes Beaumont, Herr Hartung, and Madame Boema.

FOREIGN.

Hieronymus Truhn, musical critic and composer, and a pupil of Mendelssohn, lately died at Berlin, at the age of 75. He was best known in Germany as the writer of many popular songs and choral works.

The prize offered by the *Società del Quartetto*, in Milan, for the best string quartet, has been awarded to Signor Camillo de Nardis, Professor of the Naples Conservatoire; with honourable mention to Signor Guiseppe Fruggatta and Signor Emilie Pizzi, supplemented in the former case by 150 francs.

The first performance in Paris of Gounod's *Mors et Vita* will take place to-day at the Trocadero, under the conductorship of the composer, by whose special desire Mr. Edward Lloyd, the original tenor of the Birmingham production, has been engaged. The other solo artists will be Mesdames Krauss and Conneau, and M. Faure.

The banns have been published in Paris of the marriage of M. Ernest Nicolas, better known as Nicolini, with Madame Adelina Patti.

PARIS, May 17.—Liszt quitted Paris a few days ago; and on the evening before his departure a gathering of some of his most intimate friends assembled at the house of M. Munkacsy, the artist, to bid him farewell; among the guests being MM. Ambroise Thomas, Gounod, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Pailleron, Mesdames Viardot, Jaëll, Baronne Legoux, and many others. The performance at the Trocadero of the *Légende de Saint Elizabeth*, though not numerously attended, was an artistic success, in the sense that the music was highly appreciated. Signor Vianesi conducted with vigour, and M. Faure and Madame Schroeder admirably interpreted the principal solo parts. The composer was present, and was warmly applauded at the conclusion.—Rubinstein's final concert at the Eden Theatre last Monday was a crowning success; the programme consisting principally of compositions by Couperin, Rameau, Mozart, Handel, Schumann, Schubert, Liszt, and Rubinstein himself. On several occasions I have had to refer to Rubinstein's large-hearted generosity. Here are further examples of it, extracted from a recent number of the *Figaro*. Before leaving Paris he has made the following donations to various persons and institutions, as a mark of gratitude for the warm

welcome accorded to him by the Parisian public:—To the widow and orphan of Th. Ritter, 2,000 fr.; Pasteur's Institute, 2,000 fr.; l'Association des Artistes Musiciens, 2,000 fr.; the Abbé Roussel's Orphanage, 2,000 fr.; and an artist whose name is withheld, 2,000 fr.—The Spanish tenor, Gayarré, has also taken his departure. In spite of sundry adverse criticisms and of the qualified success which attended his first appearance, his engagement at the Opéra here has been on the whole a highly advantageous one for the management.—Further hearing of Widor's *Maitre Ambros*, at the Opéra Comique, fully confirms the favourable impression it originally produced. Among the projected novelties for M. Carvalho's next season is a new opera in three acts, *Le Roi malgré lui*, the music of which has been undertaken by M. Emmanuel Chabrier, composer of *Espana* and *Gwendoline*. The libretto, founded upon an old piece by Ancelot, has been written by MM. Nayac and Burani. The Grand Opéra has lately been occupied with Saint-Saëns's *Henri VIII.*, and on May 26 the 500th performance of *La Juive* will be made the occasion for celebrating the birthday of the composer, Halévy, which, in fact, falls upon the day following, May 27. There is to be a crowning in classic fashion of the composer's bust, a declamation by M. Duprez of verses written in his honour by M. Edouard Blau, performances of fragments of his works, and a picturesque grouping on the stage of the artists in the costumes of miscellaneous operas.

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